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Brooklynites. Originality, sincerity and genuine art do not succeed so easily.

And one drop, however muddy it may be, that rises from the depth of your soul, Mr. Davies, would be more valuable than hundred bucketsful of crystal water flowing from other sources!

P. S.—Nevertheless, if I had money, I would buy several of his pictures.

STUDENTS of the industrial arts, when abroad, should make it an object to become acquainted with the very best European artist-artisans accomplish in its various branches. I may make here a few suggestions. In England, the Cheependale furniture, Liberty imports, and Morris tapestries, draperies, etc., would be of special interest, also the National Competition exhibits in South Kensington. But I would not stay too long in England; the Continent offers better opportunities. The *Libre Esthetique* in Brussels, with men like Van de Velde, Lemmen, Van Rysseberghe, Finch, have at times very interesting exhibits. Their motto is "no reminiscences of precedent styles; if nothing new, at least nothing old." In Paris, a visit to the studio of Carabin would probably prove most valuable. Carabin is the foremost artist-artisan in Europe, thoroughly original and artistic; he knows the limitations of each material and does every bit of work himself without help. In *The L'Art Nouveau*, Paris, one can form, above all else, an estimate of the possibilities of modern pottery. It is the most advanced of all industrial arts. Cazin, sculptor Carries, Massier and the colorist Lévy Dhurmer have made ceramic ware remarkably beautiful in their metallic lustre and southern magnificence of color. Zsolnay, a Hungarian, makes majolica after old Turkish pattern. The Dane, Kähler, prefers solid looking ware of discreet coloring. Luneville and Dalpayrat indulge in heavy, massive forms, with dark-blue and red coloring. Delaherche renounces all originality and simply tries to compete with Japanese perfection. Bigot is decidedly the leader of this new movement. He excels in tiles in subdued brown and gray tones, which he animates with a shimmering crystalline surface that is effective and quite original with him. He has made a number of beautiful open fire-places and many a drinking vessel of dignified appearance. He neglects beauty of line almost entirely in favor of gradation of color. Ivory carving lately experienced a promising revival in Belgium. A trip to Nancy would undoubtedly prove very instructive. It is really the home of the new movement in interior decoration. Gallié, a fanatic of Wagnerian music, is fond of making holy graals, massive vessels with heavy color combination that remind one of Wagnerian rhythms. At times Gallié introduces decorative figures on his work. Marjorelle and the Daume Bros. also adhere to his style. Their Louis XV. furniture, of all possible kinds of wood, inlaid with floral ornaments, is perhaps a little too ornate for modern taste. The leather industry is taken care of by Camille Martin, Prouvé and Wiener.

Also, New York has one master-potter, Thomas Inglis, who displays his vases and jars of quaint forms, relying for their decoration almost entirely upon the beauty of their colored glazes, at Cottier & Co.

"OUR art of to-day lacks young people who realize by competent finished work the new (ideas) they strive for. We must have thinking painters. Studies alone are not sufficient."—ARNOLD BÖCKLIN.

CLARA MCCHESENEY has learned so much of certain modern Dutch painters that she will never forget it. The principal merit of her work is that she paints everything as if seen at five feet distance, which is proper. She surprises by a monotony of tone, which is only surpassed by her monotony of subjects. Her figures are just as dull, forlorn and beggarly looking as those of Israels, Neuhuys, Artz, etc., though not half as characteristic. Imitation never does. The original drawing of a child has more intrinsic art value than the finished picture of a clever imitator.

I HAD recently the opportunity to see some of the late Theodore Robinson's sketches. What correct, accomplished prose that man wrote with his brush! How sincere he was in his mannerisms, and what vital studies he painted with his sick and wasted body! He wanted reality, no lyrical scenery or theatrical sunsets, and his manner of looking at nature in comparison to that of other American landscapists was—if such a comparison is permissible—like Darwin's classification of the species to that of Linné. Theodore Robinson, the incurable invalid, was the most robust craftsman of Monet impressionism in America.

STRANGE, whenever I read the criticisms of American critics like Stedman, Brander Mathews, Lawrence Hutton, Willie Winter, H. A. Clapp, etc., I have to think of Francisque Sarcey, and whenever I read Sarcey I have to think of these American critics. They are, like him exceedingly clever panists, but who, strange to remark, prefer the old-fashioned spinet for their performances, an instrument which can produce no decent sound, at least for our Wagnerian ears. They invariably play the esthetics of hundred years ago, and we—it cannot be helped—live in the modern time. They mean it well, of course, but it is very much as if they were talking Hindostanee. Of course, they know what they are talking about, and if I had to enumerate their merits, I might be taken for an insincere flatterer; but just what we need most, an expression of modern life, of contemporary necessities, of to-day, is impossible to this language of yesterday. And that is the reason why a sentence of Jules Lemaitre, who is not half as wise as Sarcey, is worth ten times more than a whole column of Sarcey, and that is also the reason why I, however much I may learn from those gentlemen mentioned above, take it upon me to contradict them in nearly all they say. Sarcey and his American *confrères* are inherited wisdom and mature experience. Jules Lemaitre and I—we are also alike in speaking continually about ourselves without any shame—we are nothing but young; we are nothing but modern life. That is no merit, but believe me it is worth something; we hold our ears to the heartbeat of time, and endeavor to report its vaguest and most secret wishes.